

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Silent Shadows"

Brown Chicken Brown Cow
Seen a brick house downtown
All I could do was say Wow
ILLuminated Mythos
A steel band playing crypto calypso by a street post
Hot tea honey crumpets honey and oats
Hand on over your heart kneel to a 5 headed goat
The shadow wants to breakaway from the light source
But nothing ain't never that easy
Fight for it
Stand on ya' toes
Dance or face glacing blows
Try to hold your pants up with those
Brown shoe boy - white hat Stetson McCoy & Mayday McKay The Gargoyle
Listen to the beat alone
Take adrenachrome
First part that freezes you can't feel your toes
For what certain thought forms project
Sharp horns former wall st exec you don't wanna' be next
Who could cash a quadrillion dollar check - count half n rest
Wake up - cash the other half when I'm dead
You heard what he said
Gimmie my bread
Gimmie my bread
Gimmie my bread

Illuminati wants is all n won't stop till they have it all
Still - they want more
Body organs gored to the core singing ritual song
Cleaning products sanitize floors
True - lemmie throw a few - the hexagonal ellipsoid droids took a photo of you
Shapeshift while you listen to this
They got away with it
Don't ask me how? a smoldering pile of organic material now
That's what I call a Chicago Standoff

Their shadows hide
But their blatant ways
Blind like the sun
Free mason lies
And bloody games
This world is run
By silent shadows
This world is run
Silent shadows

We study

Scholarship report card through the mail
Crypto currency PhD courses in jail
They run the world - iLLuminati don't fail
False flag details
Set sail but don't mess with no whales
Master Ptah! "they stole our time!"
Imagine how we feel
They stole our rhymes
I meet the King on his turf
Far away from the Serfs n Mercs
Somewhere in inner earth with the Smurfs
Emotion manifest thought 1st
Survival is not taking a picture standing next to a hearse
Magnetic Ultra shackles
Grab ether plasma
No telling what these demons is after
Even now I know not what it was for
Until thine day I shed my physical coil
The blood - died on the cross in the mud with some hard knuckle gloves n a fuel can jug
They say it's all love
Tried to kill ya' whole internet buzz
And you ain't even into that bruh
A smoldering pile of organic material now
Over a bowl of cereal
Wow...

It's way up- don't name drop
It's way up- don't name drop
Don't break the code
They're high up - don't name drop
They're high up - don't name drop
Don't break - don't break the code